Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was borne at Sea) I have named ſo,
Here, I charge your charitie with all ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to give her
Princely training, that ſhe may be mannerd as ſhe is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your child
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature neede a ſpurre, the Gods revenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeve you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſiſterd ſhall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't ; ſo I take my leave :
Good Madame, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing up my childe.

Dion. I have one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madame, my thankes and prayers.

Cleon. Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke too your little Miſtres, on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaiſa

Cer. Madame, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character ?

Thai. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I will remember, even on my learning time : but whether there delivered, by the holy

holy gods, I cannot rightly ſay : but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I neere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall livery will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreover if you pleaſe, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thankes, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire ;
His woefull Queene we leave at *Epheſus*,
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votariſſe.
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt finde
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In muſickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder : but alacke
That monſter Envy oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Even ripe for marriage ſight : this Maid
Hight *Philoten* : and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtory, ſhe
Would ever with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weavde the ſleded ſilke,
With fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more found
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She ſung and made the night bed mute,